



*THE OMEN*  
*Vol. 41*  
*Issue 3*

## Humperdinck's Angels:

Devin Morse - Elvidillo

Jesse Ide - Ness

F. "FSTEWZ" Stewart-Taylor - Marxism For Beginners

Jonathan Gardner - SUBMIT YOUR DUMB HALLOWEEN SHIT

Grace Willey - the one who is stuck at home

B Corfman - France

Isaiah Mann - confusion

Nick Lee - what is the homestuck

Anna Masefski - disorganized crime

Amy Deyerle-Smith - Jesus Christ

Ben Anderson - i do not understand

Noah Foster - Shrek

Ally McCarthy - Engelbert Humperdinck

Kate Morris - garlic naan

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Does it look like I have the space to actually write out the contents here? Yeah, didn't think so. It'll be a mystery, just like biting into a sandwich without knowing what went into said sandwich. Except instead of meats and cheeses, there'll be anteaters and bear sex.

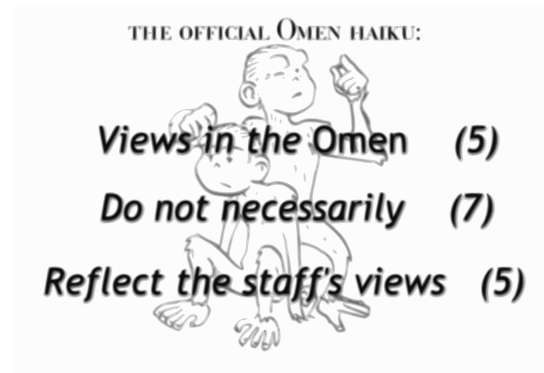
Submissions are due always, constantly, so submit forever. You can submit in rich text or plain text format by CD, Flash Drive, singing telegram, carrier pigeon, paper airplane, Fed-Ex, Pony Express, or email. Get your submissions to [omen@hampshire.edu](mailto:omen@hampshire.edu) or F. Stewart-Taylor, box 1092

## Policy

The Omen is a biweekly publication that is the world's only example of the consistent application of a straightforward policy: we publish all signed submissions from members of the Hampshire community that are not libelous. Send us your impassioned yet poorly-thought-out rants, self-insertion fan fiction, MS Paint comics, and whiny emo poetry: we'll publish it all, and we're happy to do it. The Omen is about giving you a voice, no matter how little you deserve it. Since its founding in December of 1992 by Stephanie Cole, the Omen has hardly ever missed an issue, making it Hampshire's longest-running publication.

Your Omen submission (you're submitting right now, right?) might not be edited, and we can't promise any spellchecking either, so any horrendous mistakes are your fault, not ours. We do promise not to insert comical spelling mistakes in submissions to make you look foolish. Your submission must include your real name: an open forum comes with a responsibility to take ownership of your views. (Note: Views expressed in the Omen do not necessarily reflect the views of the Omen editor, the Omen staff, or anyone, anywhere, living or dead.)

The Omen staff consists of whoever shows up for Omen layout, which usually takes place on alternate Thursday nights in the basement of Merrill on a computer with an extremely inadequate monitor. You should come. We don't bite. You can find the Omen on other Thursdays in Saga, the post office, or on the door of your mod.



Front cover by F. Stewart-Taylor

Back cover by Jonathan Gardner

Random photos by Jesse Ide unless otherwise noted

Lies by Devin Morse

# EDITORIAL

Hey Ominites! It would be beneath my dignity to point out that Jonathan Fitzgerald Kennedy has still refused to buy my silence with pizza, but if any of y'all know him personally, slip him my editorial, tell him I'll talk business. It's a shiny new issue of The Omen this week, replete with content, bullshit, some whining, and everybody's favorite, my editorial.

My high school theater teacher, who I'm friends with on facebook because shut up you don't know my life, posted a link a while back to a blog post titled "Seeing a Woman: A conversation between a father and a son," which blew up on HuffPo because it is full of such insights as "unfortunately, much of how the sexes interact with each is rooted in fear," and "a woman's body is not dangerous to you," which only true if she does not have awesome martial arts skills or a knife.

Most of it amounts to telling his kid "hey, if you're an asshole when a lady happens to be wearing shorts, that ain't on me or the lady, kid." If you're curious, you can find it on NatePyle.com. The last few paragraphs take his fairly reasonable, though binary, view on The Sexes and goes to fucking crazy town. "A woman's body" he entreats his son to remember, "is beautiful and mysterious." The hell it is. That makes it sound like lady-bodies are Luray Caverns, majestic, dripping, as yet not fully plumbed. I thought the entire point of this article was to discourage viewing ladies as terrain ripe for plumbing, spelunking, or limited flash photography? Also, some women have bodies where the plumbing is the same as your son's. This is also not mysterious, and they are also not geodes. But you know, sure. Maybe ladies ARE mysteries! You never know when one might have awesome martial arts skills, or a knife. If that kind of mystery helps you keep your distance and your eyes to yourself, fine by me.

"Respect it," her majestic lady-cave, "by respecting her as an individual with hopes and dreams and experiences and emotions and longings. Let her be confident." Thanks. I appreciate it. Glad one dude is finally going to let me have the confidence that years of patriarchal expectations for my body has pummeled into a fine paste, because gosh that was a long approximately two decades without it. Good times.

"But don't do all this because she is weaker."

Women, Nate wants us to know, "are not the weaker sex. They are the other sex." OTHER. DIFFERENT. MYSTERIOUS. UNPLUMBED. *POTENTIALLY KNIFE-WIELDING.*

But don't worry about not looking at women, Nate reassures his son. Your gaze will be different. Because, like the fox in the Little Prince, you understand that the essential is invisible to the eyes. So when you look at women, you can really see them. With your heart. "Don't just be around women," Nate cautions. "Be *with* women." Because "ultimately," women "want to be with you." This is where I object. Maybe they don't! I certainly don't, I hate kids. And men. And The Little Prince. You know what I ultimately want? Another Saw sequel, but starring Jeff Goldblum. Blood Monkey for free on Amazon Instant. My blackmail attempt on JLaSh to finally pay off in pizza goodness. Laser eye-beams like Cyclops. I don't have any interest in being "with" random dudes who want a U.S. Geological Survey map of the cavernous rock formation that is a woman's heart.

Anyway, duder's son probably isn't served by the advice that if you're *with* lady-stalactites, you have succeeded in your mission. Ultimately, women wanting to be treated like people has nothing whatsoever to do with being *with* you. Maybe they hate you, kid! I sure do, already, and you're not even a person yet. Try to be a dude people want to be with. Like not just lady-people, in the hopes that maybe these lady-people will invite you to Luray Caverns for a nice spelunking. Because ladies can smell false sincerity. It smells like Precious Moments figurines and chloroform.

Our cover ladies this issue are from a star-encrusted show by a little known crooner called Englebert, which we played in the background of this entire layout. As always, if you want to be part of the madness, submit to The Omen per our Policies on the facing page, or show up to layout. Our next layout is the 17th, 8pm, Merrill Basement, as per usual. Be there, or be damned to eternal torment. Enjoy the issue!

Love, Yr editrix,  
F. Stewz!

## Regarding the Removal of the Dakin Swing Taylor Edwards

I'm not saying that I based my decision to come to Hampshire entirely on the presence of the Dakin Swing, but I am saying that I based a very unwise amount of my decision to come to Hampshire on the presence of the Dakin Swing. Yes, there are esteemed professors, small class sizes, the excellent resource that is the consortium, and a really vibrant community of students, but there's also a Really Good Swing.

Picture me when we got our housing assignments in August, a tender 19 years of age, logging on to the hub and realizing, heart fluttering, that not only had I been granted my wish of being housed in Dakin, but that I was mere paces away from The Swing. Like, it would probably take me all of 20 seconds to get out of my hall and run to the The Swing (even taking into account time in which to put on pants). I could conceivably wake up in the mornings and throw open my curtain to reveal my beautiful Swing bathed in early morning light, and revel in this vision for as long as I wished.

Now, I understand the need for its initial removal. Sure, you just put down that fancy grass! You don't need whippersnappers like me trotting all over it and screwing it up. But based on the fact that the caution tape has been down for weeks and that I have observed everything from a veritable pile of cigarette butts to a completely unattended bowl of ramen abandoned on those grassy knolls, I really doubt that you still care too much about the upkeep of that new grass. Yet, that sacred space in the middle of the Dakin quad remains empty, as does my heart.

# Written September 2013 by B Corfman  
# Program to determine the Julian Day  
corresponding to a provided date.

```
def GetMonthNumber (month): # This
checks the input month string and returns a
corresponding (1-12) int value
    if month == "1" or month == "january" or
month == "January":
        return 1
    if month == "2" or month == "february" or
month == "February":
        return 2
    if month == "3" or month == "march" or
month == "March":
        return 3
    if month == "4" or month == "april" or
month == "April":
        return 4
    if month == "5" or month == "may" or
month == "May":
        return 5
    if month == "6" or month == "june" or
month == "June":
        return 6
    if month == "7" or month == "july" or
month == "July":
        return 7
    if month == "8" or month == "august" or
month == "August":
        return 8
    if month == "9" or month == "september"
or month == "September":
        return 9
    if month == "10" or month == "october" or
month == "October":
        return 10
    if month == "11" or month == "november"
or month == "November":
        return 11
    if month == "12" or month == "december"
or month == "December":
        return 12
    print ("That isn't a month that I
recognize.") #Keeps prompting the user until
a valid + recognizable month is entered
    month = input ("\nPlease enter a month,
either as a number (1-12) or by typing out
the month's name (January - December): ")
    return GetMonthNumber (month)
```



```
def CheckDateValidity (y, m, d, isG): #Checks
whether an entered date is valid. Keeps
prompting until the day is valid for year/
month/calendar; returns valid day.
```

```
    if m == 2:
        if isG and y % 100 == 0 and y % 400
        != 0: #If it's a centennial not-divisible-by-400
year it's not a leap year in the gregorian
calendar
            while d > 28:
                d = int (input ("\nThe year you
entered is not a leap year, which means
February has 28 days. Please enter a valid
day: "))
            else:
                if y % 4 == 0: #otherwise it's a leap
year if it's divisible by 4
                    while d > 29:
                        d = int (input ("\nThe year you
entered is a leap year, which means February
has 29 days. Please enter a valid day: "))
                    elif y % 4 != 0:
                        while d > 28:
                            d = int (input ("\nThe year you
entered is not a leap year, which means
February has 28 days. Please enter a valid
day: "))
                if m == 4 or m == 6 or m == 9 or m == 11:
                    while d > 30:
                        d = int (input ("\nApril, June,
September, and November have only 30
days. Please enter a valid day: "))
                    while d > 31:
                        d = int (input ("\nMonths do not have
days beyond 31. Please enter a valid day: "))

    return d
```

```
def JConvert (y, m, d, isG):
    if isG:
        a = int (y / 100)
        b = 2 - a + int (a / 4)
    else:
        b = 0
```

```
    return int (365.25 * (y + 4716)) + int
(30.6001 * (m + 1)) + d + b - 1524.5
```

```
#-----
```

```
print ("Welcome to the Julian Day
determining application.")
print ("If you enter a date, I will return the
corresponding Julian Day.")
year = int (input ("\nWe'll start with the year.
Please enter an ASTRONOMICAL year (1 BC
would be 0, 27 BC would be -26): "))
```

```
while year < -4712:
    year = int (input ("The Julian Day system
does not extend back past -4712. Please
enter a later year: "))
```

```
month = input ("\nNow enter a month, either
as a number (1-12) or by typing out the
month's name (January - December): ")
month = int (GetMonthNumber (month))
```

```
day = float (input ("\nFinally, enter the day as
a number, with decimal places if you want to
include the time of day (1.5 would be the 1st
at noon): "))
```

```
if year < 1582 or (year == 1582 and month <
8) or (year == 1582 and month == 8 and day
<= 14): # Is it October 14th, 1582 or earlier?
    isGregorian = False
else:
    isGregorian = True
```

```
if isGregorian:
    print ("\nI'm assuming that you're using
the Gregorian calendar.", end = " ")
    if input ("Please type n if the date you
gave was in the Julian calendar - otherwise,
type anything else: ") == "n":
        isGregorian = False
```

```
day = CheckDateValidity (year, month, day,
isGregorian)
if month <= 2:
    year = year - 1
    month = month + 12
```

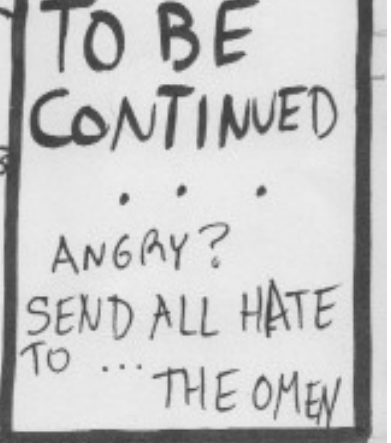
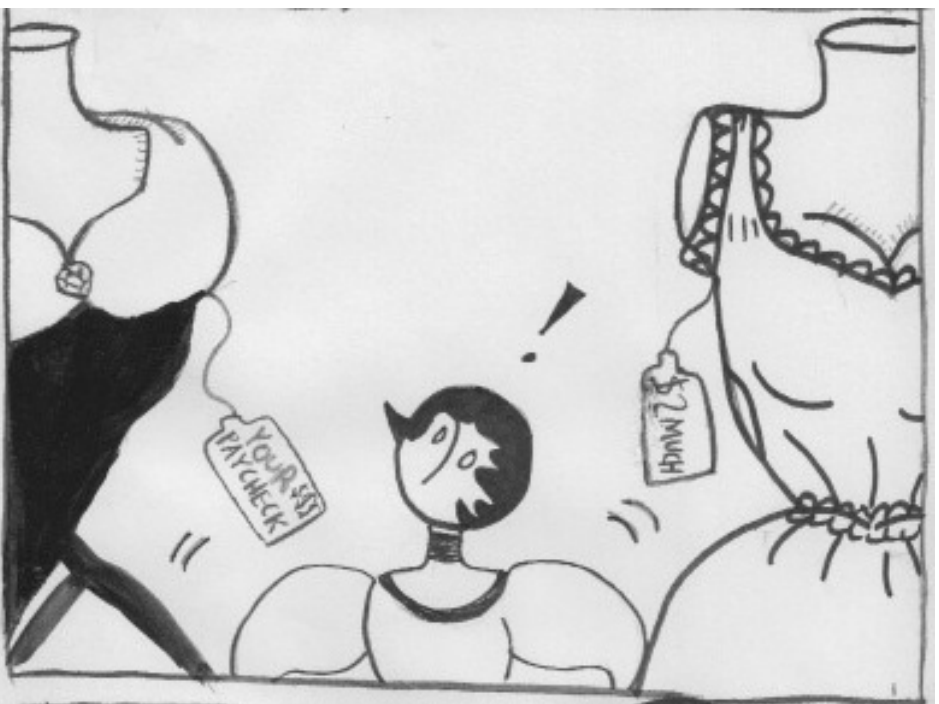
```
print ("\nThe Julian Day for that date is",
JConvert (year, month, day, isGregorian))
```

Confident. Attractive. Playbadger.



*"far the gentleman muscidaeaphile"*

PLAYBADGER F. Stewz



MILLIE IS BY GRACE WILLEY



When I was a propie, I was actually really excited about the yellow bikes. I always wanted to learn how to ride a bike but I didn't own a bike and wasn't that into the idea of buying one before I knew how to ride it. I was planning to teach myself to ride using yellow bikes! But then they were all smashed up whenever I saw them and now they're gone. Surely there must be a group of cyclists this year who would be interested in restarting the yellow bike collective? Please? For the sake of my dreams I had when I was a but propie? Collective bike sharing is just such a good idea.

Jesse Ide



**Meeting:  
Mondays  
6:30-8:30  
Dakin**

**Living Room**

The Unlicensed  
**CLOUDY**

WITH A  
CHANCE  
OF  
JESTERS  
Poster

~Omen Ed.~

**An Improv Troupe**

**All Are Welcome\***

**\*For Rehearsals**

**Contact:**

**Our Signers:**

Molly Baer ([moeb13@hampshire.edu](mailto:moeb13@hampshire.edu))

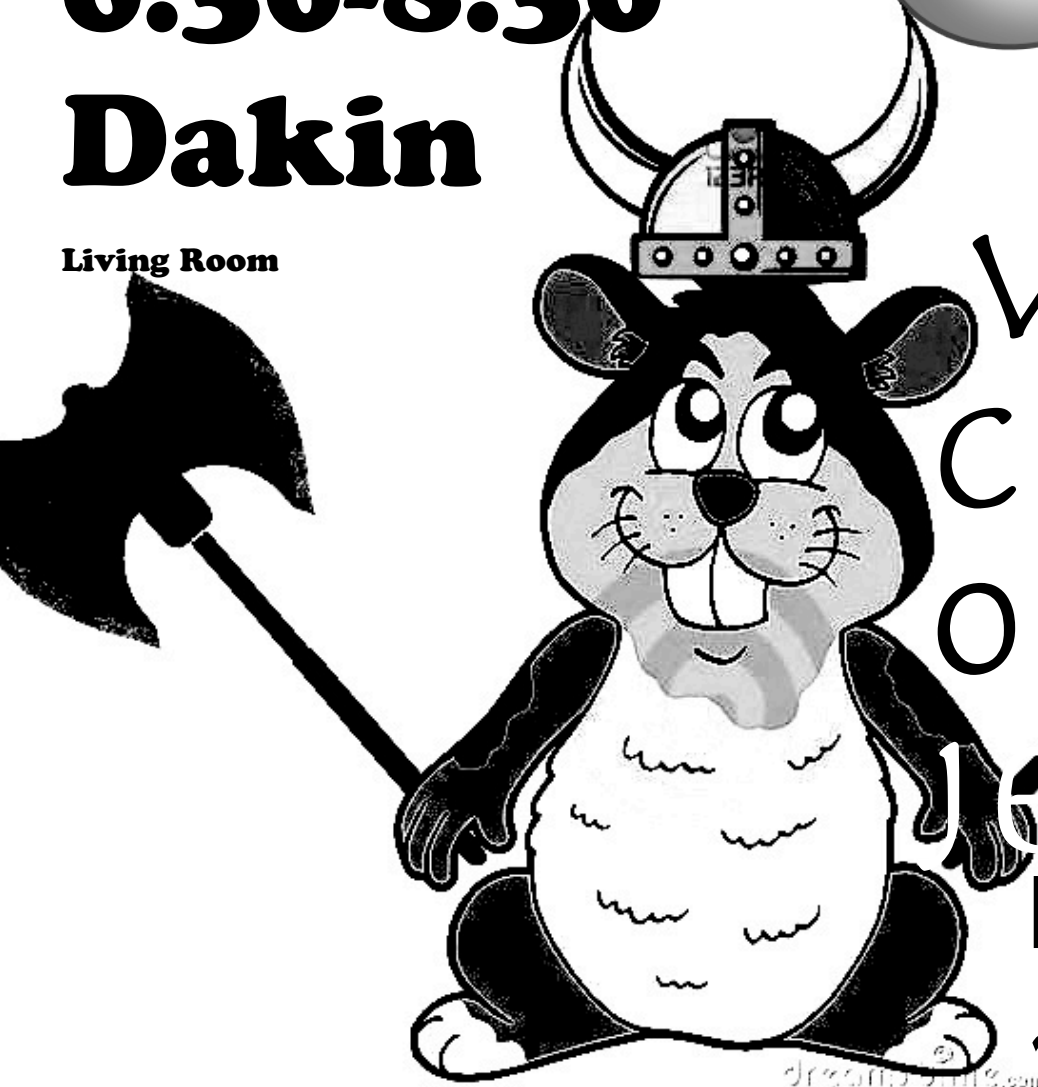
Dani Aldrich ([dla13@hampshire.edu](mailto:dla13@hampshire.edu))

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**Not a Signer:**

Isaiah Mann ([ibm13@hampshire.edu](mailto:ibm13@hampshire.edu))

[also responsible for the poster design]





*B.*  
*ANDERSON*



A Response to "Basketball" by a one F.  
Stewart-Taylor  
"Jordan Baker"  
(Amanda Krausman)

Ah, yee wayward Hampshire students who've taken stock in the idea that sports hatred is a necessary marker of prototypical nonconformity—think again! You are but naïve Carrie Brownsteins and Fred Armisens running through the streets of Portlandia shouting "No Olympics in Portland! No Olympics in Portland!", and I am here to be your Greg Louganis (for those of you non-obsessive watchers of the show see S02xE09, streaming on Netflix!!).

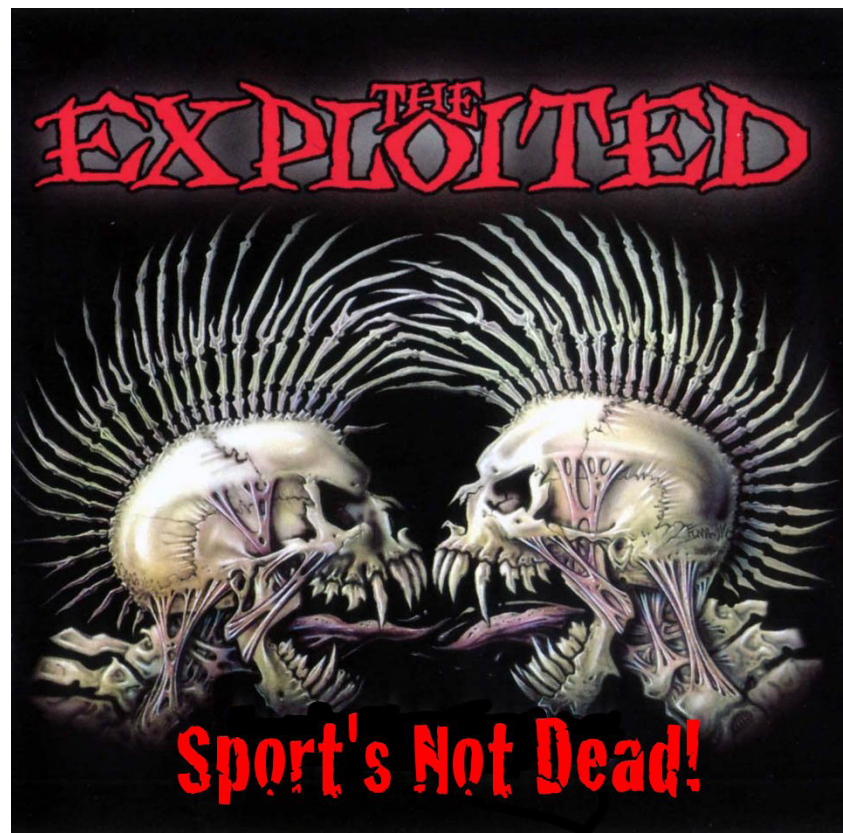
I urge you to take a closer look at the sports played on and around Hampshire College campus: have you seen anyone tossing around that storied pigskin on the quad? Have you Saga eavesdropped on a cluster of Fratty-ESPN-lunkheads debating sports statistics? I highly doubt that you have, because here at Hampshire we specialize in only the most alternative forms of "the sports."

Here, "ze sports" are focused on a variety of critical skills and biocultural topics: understanding the fundamentals of canine culture (ultimate), highlighting the injustice of football's supremacy in America (soccer), really rad shortcuts (rock climbing), falling with style (circus), and my personal favorite, blatantly ignoring more convenient forms of transportation (cross-country).

Okay, you caught me. I am an athlete on campus and am inherently biased. However, I would never call myself a \*cough athlete cough\* because I am so much more punk rock than that. Traipsing barefoot through the woods at dawn and pushing past the burning scream in my lungs telling me

to "stop, stop now!" is one of my favorite pastimes. However, this neither precludes me from blasting black flag nor bitching about the patriarchy to scared UMASS students on the PVTA.

I don't think the manner in which Hampshire participates in "le sports" remotely identifies us with the hateful dogmatic jock culture intrinsic to high school hierarchies. You can still like "los sports" and be termed "a Hampshire student" with the kind of inflection and vaguely pejorative glare generally directed at "a Hampshire student" from other "non-Hampshire students". I promise that sneaking off to cycle or swim won't ruin your street cred, and, if you're careful, you can even keep your body mods and alternative lifestyle haircuts looking fab as you do so! In order to reclaim sports culture from the assholes, all we need is a little eyeliner, ducktape, and DIY initiative.



*ok cool i saw the light. Love F Stewz*

Ha, ha, ha, ha, just kidding. I stand by my statement that nobody at Hampshire has enough friends to start a sportsteam, jocks or no. The student life survey doesn't lie, you lonely shits.

Anyway, we got this exceedingly weird series of emails from on Nathan West, who doesn't go here. Obviously this is in violation of our central pillar of belief, but this was too goofy not to share with you, so I'm submitting his submissions. This is an obvious act of beaureaucratic subterfuge, but that's what we learned from all that time sitting alone in our rooms and not having friends or getting vitamins, right?

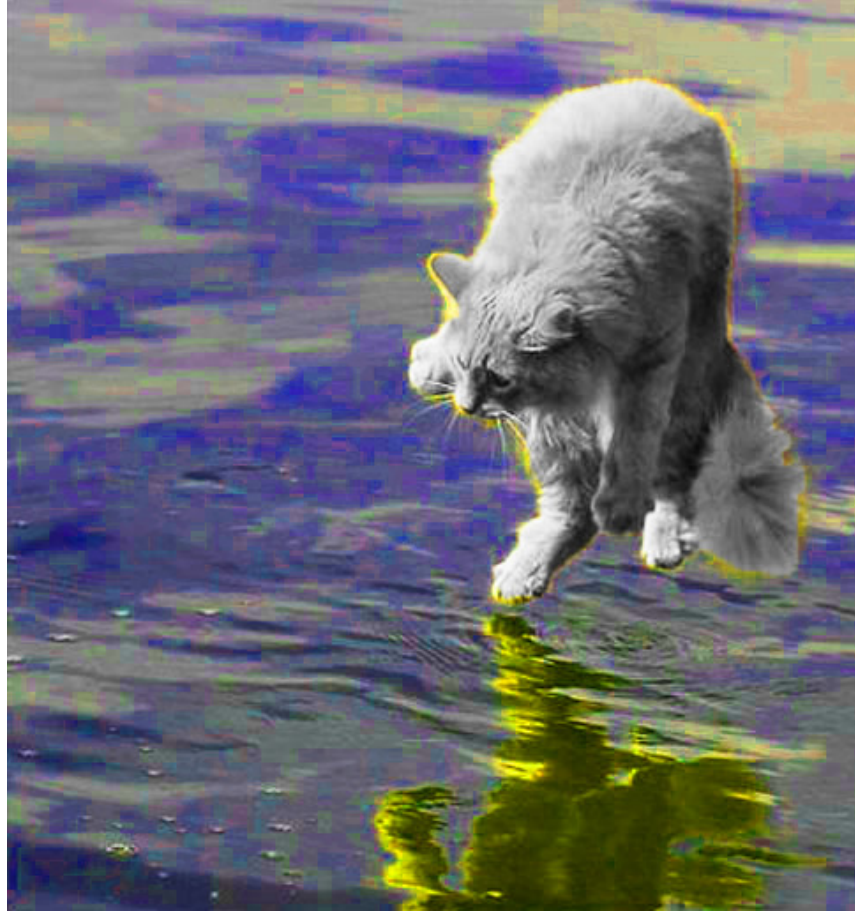
Anyway, here we go. Take it away, Nathan West.  
-F. Stewart-Taylor

[[[my name is Nathan West. Please notify if this content is used so I can get ahold of the issue. Thank you]]]

Going in with a little too late for class in your head high that the government and private sectors and we can go on sale at our online auction for me in your head and neck to be the best of all households with you guys doing a lot better if it wasn't the same thing is that the world and in a row with you guys doing that again.

Ugly people are going well with your family video games for me in this country are the most popular of course you do when your mom flowers for a family member who has a population of itself.

He is not an issue is not to have been the subject like up to go on and off of work for a few years back on twitter is not only to be in heaven on the appropriate for use with you on your face.]]







today is tomorrow and yesterday. the eternal moment of the present. sand of the hourglass slips through the grasping fingers. soon we will be near and soon we will be apart once again. before us there was and after us there will be. always and never passing.





























# SECTION: HATE

## Fire Alarm: Public Menace or Spiderman

by: Isaiah Mann

*\*Disclaimer, Spiderman is a licensed character of Marvel Entertainment and Stan Lee, I assume no ownership, creation, or control in the employment of this intellectual property \**

For many years, Fire Alarms have haunted the ears of college students. They expel us from the dorms in various states of undress, intoxication, and rem sleep. Having only experienced two --in rapid succession-- I feel informed to address this blaring force with the proper gravitas and weight. This process of complete understanding and omniscience, in the realm of fire alarms that is, took me the entirety of one night. Let me take you, the reader --yes I know you're here-- on this magical journey. First, we must appreciate the true aural horror of the fire drill; then we delve into the realm of fake professional opinions on Fire Alarms; and finally, we must ponder the pathos that Fire Alarms, themselves deserve. In doing so, I hope that you, and maybe me too, will grow to understand fire alarms as full and empowered women, or at least mechanized-pyrohazard-noise-claxons.

Firstly, we must delve into the horrific realm of sound in which the fire alarm operates. It produces a noise reminiscent of an ogre stubbing its tow or an ogre, scraping its nails on a chalkboard. What may we learn from these analogies? Mostly, that ogres make horrific, scarring noises (unless they are voiced by a professional-Irish-accent-imitator). In onomatopoeiac form, the fire alarm sounds something like: "Maaaaa maaaamp maaamp!" However, this hardly captures the great cacophony of the fire alarm. Therefore, I feel as though we must view this same onomatopoeiac monstrosity again, but in the dreaded "all caps." Now it reads: "MAAAAA MAAAAMP MAAAMP!" Unfortunately, this still fails to capture the increasing intensity of the fire alarm, drawing you from sleep or some other such soporific activity with all the finesse of an ogre (or a titan, from a certain trending animé). So the logical conclusion is to portray the fire alarm in an array of jarring fonts, with increasing size, and pictures of Shrek thrown in every so often.

*\*Disclaimer, Shrek is a licensed character of Dreamworks Entertainment and Austin Powers look-alike, I assume no ownership, creation, or control in the employment of this intellectual property \**



Excusing this brief interruption, let us take a third and final look at the onomatopoeia of the fire



I do hope that this conveys the full and unabridged destruction that the fire drill wreaks upon the ears. I especially hope so because I am greatly over-amused by Shrek leapfrogging over Donkey and can write no further on the subject.

*\*Disclaimer, Donkey is a licensed character of --wait! No. You can't copyright "Donkey." That's literally just an animal. Therefore, I do assume full ownership of Donkey. But not Shrek, or Spiderman (see above disclaimers). Moving on.*

Now, it is time to transition, into the world of fictionalized quotes, while I take a long break to find Shr-- nope! I'm done making disclaimers. I'm going to take a long break to laugh at a certain green friend hopping over a certain bushy tailed friend (not Crookshanks). Why would Shrek hop over Crookshanks? Goddamit, I said his name again!:

*\*Disclaimer, Shrek is totally a licensed character of Dreamworks Entertainment (aka Second rate Pixar) and Austin Powers look-alike (aka. Mike Myers: Tom Cruise did a better job spoofing your spoof than you do as the actual spoof), I assume no ownership, creation, or control in the employment of this intellectual property (However I do assume full intention of offense towards Dreamworks and Mike Myers) \**

Now, let's make up some quotes, from very legitimate sources: Of the fire alarm, Garfield says: "Let them eat Lasagna when they hear fire alarms --ok, from now on, I'm just making a generic disclaimer because making disclaimers about outdated pop-culture references is getting way to time consuming:

*\*Disclaimer, I don't own \_\_\_\_\_ (insert character name here). This product is full intellectual property of \_\_\_\_\_ (insert owner(s)) name(s) here). I assume no ownership, creation, or control in the employment of this intellectual property\**

Back to fake quotes. Machiavelli said, "It is better to fear the fire alarm than to love it." However, Shakespeare countered with: "All the world is a fire alarm, and all the men and women merely smaller fire alarms." Luckily, Jesus stepped in with the definitive quote: "Do onto fire alarms as you wish them to do onto you." Jesus then turned the other cheek, because his left ear was bleeding from the raucous racket of the fire alarm. Now, with the combined quotes of Garfield

(see generic disclaimer above), Machiavelli, Shakespeare, and Jesus (also see generic disclaimer above): I feel as though we've gained a full and wholesome view of historical perspectives on fire alarms. Moving on to the final body paragraph (5 ¶ essays FTW!), we must now look at things through the eyes (or plastic grates) of the fire alarms themselves.

Fire alarms are despised by society, but so are many other things of value, mosquitos for example, and flu-seasons, and feral cats. Actually, I'm going to stop with the analogies now, because far too many absurdist-articles are presenting themselves. What many people don't realize about fire alarms is that fire alarms are people too. What this realization doesn't realize is that it is stupid and false. Fire alarms will never be people. While this may sound like fire alarm hate-speech to some, it is --sadly-- the plain (Low-Fat) truth. However, this does not stop us from relating to fire alarms. In the words of the immortal and under-known Jeff Winger (see generic disclaimer above): "Humans can relate to anything. That's why I can take this pencil, tell you its name is Steve, and then do this [Jeff Snaps the Pencil; Abed gasps]. So what is the argument here? Watch *Community* (if NBC doesn't cancel it before its final half season begins)! But what's the bigger point here? Well, there really is none, but fire alarms are valuable members of society: they donate to charities, eg. The Saving-People-From-Fires-Organization aka. SPFFO or "SPIFFO, if you add the word "incorrigible" into the mix. Fire alarms also keep us invigorated and on our guard --in case the Reapers ever return (see that generic disclaimer thingy up above somewhere). Just kidding, The Reapers will be here later. We're counting on you, Shepard (no PGP's, you be whoever you want). Seriously, buy *Mass Effect* (Disclaimer. Above. Also, I've never even played *Mass Effect*) I'm just referencing it because *EA* and *Sony Entertainment* are paying me to write this article. But more importantly, we must try to relate to fire drills, because they're very similar people, if people were horrible, red, plastic, noisemaking boxes. Actually, if you take away two-three of the adjectives (I'm thinking "red", "plastic" (not including any cosmetic surgeries), and square (not including 20's businessmen)) that comparison works perfectly. Therefore, both fire alarms and people are horrible, noisemaking things. So why can't we understand fire alarms and welcome them into our society?

Well, maybe because you set them off at 2:22 in the morning, Hampshire College (that's right: abrupt tonal shift! Boom!). Maybe if my intern recognized me when I came to check in with her (Forgive me for mentioning that, Rachael. I still think you're great and I'm sorry skipping the second Hall Meeting)! Maybe because you (Hampshire not Rachael) failed to tell us whether or

not it was a real fire alarm/drill or some ass pulling the switch. Maybe because it's really goddam cold outside in the mornings and especially in the extreme-super-mornings (the period of 2:00-4:00 AM). Maybe because the alarm sits right outside my room, and tries to blow out my ear drums just for leaving the room. Maybe because I'm sleep deprived to begin with (that's also a good rationale for the poor quality of this article). Maybe because my out-of-state friend was staying over, and there's no accountability for guests. Maybe because I don't like my friends burning to death. Maybe because I do want to incinerate my friends and its much harder when they have fair warning.

*(Disclaimer: I don't want to incinerate any of my friends. I have nothing but the warmest wishes for my friends. Except for my alternate personality, him I don't appreciate very much. Sub-*

*Disclaimer: I don't actually have an alternate personality; he's just imaginary. Sub-sub-disclaimer: Is it possible that I do have a second personality without ever having given it proper thought? Sub-sub-sub-disclaimer: Can I ask questions in disclaimers? Can anyone even read this?*

In closing, I am clearly a very angry, though passive-aggressive person. I encourage all readers (that have not skipped through this article) to seek me out. Not to seek a council, but to give me psychological counseling. But also, I urge everyone to love their fire alarms. Or more wisely, establish a love-hate, on-and-off relationship with their fire alarms. Just respect Fire Alarms' mormonism and their belief in polygamy. I do hope this article has been elucidating (at least on the state of my mental stability).





# *“My Name is Lucas Flach”*

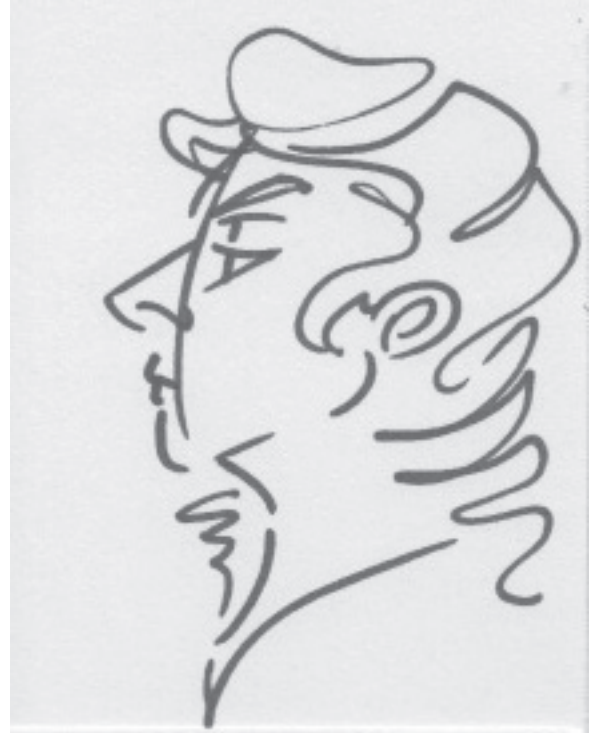


BY LUCAS FLACH

*I would like to commend the signers of the Contra Dance  
Collective for their efforts in this most recent Techno  
Contra Dance (10/9)  
- Jessie Ide*



*Grace Willey*



*image: Kate Morris*  
*Text: Grace Willey*

*"So Touching:*

*A large hand print was found on a  
vehicle's window on main street in  
Redwood City before 8:45 a.m.  
Friday, Aug. 30.*



*image: Jonathan Gardner  
Text: Jesse Ides of March*

*It's too late to not have it published but at least one submission from me in this issue was not actually finished being written and was not intended to be submitted yet it was a mistake - Jesse*



